

Spartan Red Team's War

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-18 04:02:56

Updated: 2014-06-18 04:02:56

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:05:56

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,393

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The trio of Spartans from the game Halo Wars have been sadly neglected. Let their story unfold and see what awaits the trio.

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__**So this is my first Fanfic writing. Hope you enjoy it. Let me know what you think in the comments. I'm open to critiques and compliments. Please don't be hatefull, but if you choose to be, at least make sure you spell your hate-filled words correctly. :) Enjoy it!**__

Spartan Red Team (which consisted of Jerome, Alice, and Douglas) had been on board the UNSC Pillar of Autumn when the Covenant had warped in above the planet. The space battle went as poorly as was expected from the UNSC's inferior technology. The Pillar of Autumn survived the battle, but was damaged and couldn't prevent the Covenant ship from dispatching ground forces to the planet.

With the space battle over, Red team and other Marine forces were dispatched to the ground to defend the city of Arcadia which was under siege from the Covenant forces. Red team and a squadron of ODS'T's had been deployed as soon as the drop pods were ready. The drop from orbit wasn't so jarring for the Spartans, but upon disembarking the pods, they found themselves immediately locked in a fire-fight with a covenant squadron.

They quickly dispatched the aliens with several well placed rocket launcher blasts from their heavy weapons specialist Douglas, while Alice used her mini gun to reduce the remaining enemy infantry to puffs of purple mist and piles of fleshy bits. Jerome took the lead and led his team through the city in route towards one of the civilian transports. The ODS'T's would fight the covenant in the city streets, while the Spartans would defend the civilian aircraft transports from any covenant that made it through the defensive lines.

Spartans outclassed the best troops that the UNSC could offer. The Spartan II's had been abducted as children and trained since birth to become the ultimate super soldier. Military drills and strategies were the Spartan's lives and they relished having purpose. As the children hit puberty they were all given enhancements that made them super human. From nearly indestructible bones, to enhanced reflexes, and eyesight like a hawk's, the Spartans were nearly indestructible forces of nature. Originally they had been trained to fight the human Insurrectionists, but when the Covenant appeared and began its genocidal campaign of extinguishing the "filth" of the human race, the Spartans stood ready to meet the challenge. They were clad in power armor that gave them energy shields, proximity radar, air supply in space for approximately an hour or two, and the suits carried the added bonus of enhancing the Spartans' incredible abilities even more. Essentially the Spartans were nearly indestructible forces of nature in comparison to the average soldier.

"Jerome, can you tell me why we are here guarding the transports, instead of on the frontline killing every damn alien in sight?" asked Douglas through Red Team's private radio channel. "I'm just saying that we could easily deal far more damage than those ODST's."

"I understand your frustration Douglas, but this situation is very delicate. Civilians are gonna be panicking and struggling to get into the ships. We are Spartans, so command wants us close by. It will make the people feel better if they see 'invincible' Spartan II's nearby." responded Jerome.

"Heads up boys we got some company!" Alice said as she spun up her chain gun and fired at a group of 5 grunts. The rather weak aliens freaked out and ran away, all in vain as they were cut down by the hail of bullets Alice supplied. Grunts were the cannon fodder of the covenant. They stood at maybe half a man's height and carried methane tanks that looked like Native American tee pee huts on their backs.

With the cannon fodder removed the trio was now focused on the mission at hand. Some civilians were already in sight and running towards the transport ship, and based on the far off screams, more civies were in trouble further into the city.

Just then a transmission came in over the headset, "Spartan Red team this is UNSC Spirit of Fire. We are deploying reinforcements to the ground as we speak. Pillar of Autumn has fallen back to lick its wounds. Welcome aboard, you guys are with us now."

Jerome quickly responded, "We read you Spirit of Fire. Red team is at your command. Sir we fear that more civilians are trapped inside the city, should we go on a search and rescue?"

"Negative, stay where you are. A group of 6 Hornets have already been dispatched to aid the civies. Sargent Forge is currently establishing a temporary base of operations on the ground. Reinforcements will be there soon to relieve you of guard duty. Just keep that transport protected. Our forces are guarding the other two."

"Roger command," Jerome replied. He switched back to Red team's private line.

"For now we wait and guard this transport. The ground troops are still weak and need time to organize themselves. In the meantime lets prepare for any- Spartans MOVE!" Red team scattered just as the ground exploded where they had been mere moments ago. The covenant flying assault craft, otherwise known as the banshee for the shrieking sound it made as it flies, that had fired on them had already spun around to take another shot.

Jerome didn't give it the opportunity though. The banshee had just begun to turn around for another bombing run when Jerome began charging his Spartan Laser. After 5 seconds to charge, the heavy weapon discharged a red laser that traveled at the speed of a lightning bolt, and wielded far more destructive force. The laser struck the Banshee and sliced it in half from tip to stern, vaporizing the pilot in the process.

Douglass let out a whistle, "Hot damn buddy. I still love my rocket launcher more than that pointer of yours, but I gotta admit. It's a hell of a light show." Douglass snickered at his his own terrible joke while Alice and Jerome just shook their heads in disappointment of their childhood friend.

Alice replied, "Seriously...telling that joke for the 9th time does not make it any funnier."

Before Douglass could respond however a squadron of 5 banshees appeared from behind a building. The craft veered towards a nearby crowd of civilians who were headed towards the transport. Douglass hefted his rocket launcher and locked onto the lead craft and let the first missile fly. The arm sized projectile smashed into the banshee and exploded into a large cloud of smoke and fire that then crashed into a nearby building, but Douglass was too busy to admire his work, for he had already locked onto the next craft in line. The second missile dispatched the second craft as easily as the first had been, but now he had to reload.

Jerome used the opportunity to charge his laser again and fire at two of the remaining banshees who were flying too close together. The laser sliced through the two air vehicle's armor as if the metal alloy were but cheap plastic.

The last banshee pilot apparently did not value his life and veered towards the spartans as if to bomb them. Alice stepped up with her mini gun (Or chain gun, whichever one you guys think looks more badass. In the video game it says its a chain gun, but I feel like more people know what a mini gun is.) and opened fire on the pilot. The anti-everything bullets shredded the light armor, and the banshee fell like a stone before it got near the spartans.

"Well...That was boring," Said Douglass.

"awwwe, chin up Dougie," replied Alice in a condescending tone. "The covenant are nothing if not as numerous as bugs. There will plenty more for you to blow up."

It was then that they received a transmission. "Help! Transport 3 is under attack!"

_**So there is the first chapter. Not sure how far I plan to go yet,

but I would like to actually tell more of their story after the video game itself ended. This won't be just a rehash of the game, but I need a good starting spot to introduce em. Until the Next chapter, Ciao for now my readers!**_

End
file.